collated & perfect. J.H. 1790.

THE

Royal Voyage,

OR THE

IRISH EXPEDITION:

A

Tragicomedy,

Acted in the Years 1689 *and* 90.

First Edition.

——*Regis ad Exemplum* Claud.

LONDON;
Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, in the *Old-Baley*,
A. D. 1690.

TO THE

READER.

NOT to cheat thee with a Preface inſtead of a Book, nor make this Brat of my own Brain ſuch a Rickety Creature, as to have its Head bigger than all the reſt of the Body, both middle and t'other end; I'll only diſpatch a little neceſſary buſineſs, and then Gentlemen ſtep in and take your Places: Or to be a little more Heroical, the Muſick has played the laſt time, the Candles are all Snuffed, and the Curtain is juſt about to be drawn up.----Know ye, firſt and foremoſt, that the Name of this following Play relates to another part yet to come, which will more ſignally fill the Title; though this has enough of the Royal Voyage in it to make that good and proper in this, as well as the other. The Conqueſt of Granada is only begun in the firſt part, nay, no more than the Siege on't, yet the propriety of the Title none ever queſtioned to that part as well as the other.

The next thing I'm to do you, to wit, is, that the End of this Play is chiefly to expoſe the Perfidious, Baſe, Cowardly, Bloody Nature of the Iriſh, both in this and all paſt Ages, eſpecially to give as lively a Scheme as will conſiſt with what's paſt, ſo far of the worſe than Heathenish Barbarities committed by them on their Peaceable Britiſh Neighbours, in that Bloody and Deteſtable Maſſacre and Rebellion of Forty One, which will make the Nation ſtink as long as there's one Bog or Bog-trotter left in it.

Wherein, though every one knows this way of Writing allows great Liberty; I proteſt 'twas impoſſible to invent more dreadful things than I found ready to my Hand; nay ſcarce could a ſingle circumſtance be any where added to ſet their Murders in a better Light,

Light,--the Inſtances themſelves, as Hiſtory gives 'em, being ſuch glaring ones, that Hell-Fire itſelf could ſcarce make 'em brighter. Nor even here have I taken any thing for granted, though there's ſo much abundant Evidence of the truth of all here aſſerted, even from the acknowledgment of ſome more ingenuous among 'em, Beling, Walſh, *&c. of their own Writers, and from the Pride and glory which others of them take in relating what then happened, inſtead of thoſe few Hundred Thouſands Murder'd, only wiſhing that All had gon the ſame way; but dropping that advantage, have confined my ſelf even to the Chaſtneſs of an Hiſtorian, examining as the Reader will find, all the materiel Objections thoſe wicked People can make to our Accuſations, and all thoſe thin Excuſes wherewith they generally impoſe upon the Ignorant, and in vain endeavour to palliate their unheard of Inhumanities. I am confident I have herein done 'em Juſtice, and urged their Arguments as far and as home, perhaps cloſer, than any of them could have done for themſelves. And if I have made one Exception from the general Rule, and introduced one Iriſhman amongſt 'em all, brave and honeſt (as far as his Cauſe would let him be,) to foil the reſt; if I have gone a little beyond the Pale, and left Truth behind me, 'tis a pardonable fault, and the more eaſily, becauſe perhaps it mayn't be ſo common to err on the ſide of Good-nature. In his Character it's indeed deſigned to ſhew that there may poſſibly be ſome Individuals among 'em better than the reſt of the Nation.---In that of all the reſt, that if ſuch a thing happens, 'tis but a chance, and won't often be brought into Example by the others. After all, let any Man take the pains but to read the Iriſh Hiſtories, Foreigners as well as others, nay their own too, if he has any patience, into the bargain, and if he does not confeſs that I have not, nay cannot miſrepreſent the* Iriſh, *when I ſpeak any thing ill of 'em, I'll be content to be ſent over into that bleſſed Iſland, and live there 'till I've forgot my Mother Tongue, and grow as Iriſh as* O Hanlan's, *&c) as their mannerly Proverb has it.)*

Tho on t'other ſide, ſo far is this piece from any Reflection on the Britiſh there, that one main end thereof is to give 'em their due Encomiums, and juſt Honour.

I

In order wherunto, the principal brave Actions performed by them ot the wonder of the World, *and confuſion of their Enemies, under all apparent diſadvantages imaginable, Treachery of ſome, Cowardiſe of others, want of Neceſſaries, a numerous well-provided Army preſſing againſt 'em, are not (as many as could be handſomly brought in here) neglected, tho' the Hiſtorical order, unneceſſary here, perhaps not obſerved.*

For the manner in which thoſe actions are introduced, 'tis done the moſt inoffenſively that could be poſſibly contrived; ---'tis out of choice that I have named no Perſons, unleſs of the Enemies ſide. ---As all ſhared in the Danger, ſo let 'em all in the Glory,--whatever parties there might then be, or are ſince, there ſhall be none in this Play, but Engliſh *and* Iriſh.

That the deſirable work of their entire Conqueſt may ſoon be accompliſhed, which all Europe *as well as* England *groans for, the Second part of this Drama really acted, and our glorious King* William *there conquering all our Enemies, I am ſure every honeſt Man wiſhes as heartily as I do; ---for thoſe who hope the contrary, tho' their own Countries,* Europe's, *and* Religion's *implacable Enemies, I'd wiſh 'em no greater plague, than poſſeſſed with all the Rage, Malice, and defeated deſperate Wickedneſs of an Iriſh-man, to ſtand by and ſee our great victorious* Prince *enter Triumphantly into his Royal City of* Dublin, *--- which a few Weeks may in all fair probability produce, and a few more the* Second Part *of the* Royal Voyage, *or* Iriſh Expedition.

THE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tyrconnel,
Primate,
Archbiſhop of Caſhel,
Nugent,
Neagle,
Iriſh Lords,
Hamilton,
Macarty,
Talbot,
Butler,
Clancarty,
Macdonald,
Iriſh Soldiers, *Meſſengers*, *Officers*, &c.

Governor of Inniskilling,
Collonels, *Souldiers*, &c.
Governor of Derry,
Collonels, *Souldiers*,
Engliſh Captains with Relief to Derry,
Engliſh General,
Souldiers, *Officers*, &c.

THE

THE ROYAL VOYAGE: OR, THE Irish Expedition.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DUBLIN - *Caſtle.*

[*Enter* Tyrconnel, Nugent, Neagle, Mac-carty, Hamilton, *the titular Archbiſhop of* Caſhell, *and Primate*; Iriſh *Lords.*

Tyrcon. THus far the *CAUSE* has with Succeſs been crown'd,
And Great St. *Patrick* bleſt his ſacred Ground;
Has been his own lov'd Country-men's Defence,
And chac'd the Engliſh Toads and Serpents hence.
Again ſhall *Ireland* her old Name renew;
'Tis now a *Land of Saints* and Heroes too;
Th' *Aſylum* long before deſign'd for thoſe
Sent into Exile by their faithleſs Foes;
That ſafe, that happy Sanctuary, where
By our great *Faith's Defenders* pious Care,
The Church it ſelf can now glad Refuge find,
Leaving her cheated deſperate Foes behind.
Caſh Like *Arethuſa's* Stream, her Fountain clear
Dives under Earth, and Sea, and riſes here:

But never ſhall we her fair Spring reſtore,
As pure and limpid as it was before,
Unleſs we hollow the polluted Flood,
And purge out Heretick-Stains with Hereticks Blood.
Prim. The very thought does my chill Age renew,
And almoſt make *Armagh* a Souldier too.
O *Portendown*! that happy Day is paſt;
Grief ſtays too long, and *Pleaſure* runs too faſt:
I ſaw, and 'twas a wiſht, a welcome ſight
As e'er was ſhewn: By Heavens bright burning Light,
I ſaw the wandring Flood new-blacken'd o'er,
And ſhoals of Bodies waſhed down the ſhore,
Whilſt freſh Supplies ſtill o'er the Breach were thrown,
'Till there at laſt was hardly room to drown.
Macar. And thinks your Grace this was a ſight ſo proper,
For one whoſe Character ſhou'd be Compaſſion,
Pity, and Love, all like our mighty Maker?
I, though long ſteel'd in Camps, and drench'd in War,
To Execution us'd, and Blood, and Carnage,
(Fatal Effects of neceſſary Cruelty)
I rather ſhou'd have wiſh'd to have given the Lives
To all thoſe Wretches, though at the expence
Even of my own.
Prim. ——————Are you a Catholick?
Maccar. Yes, and will die one. ——But cou'd *I* believe
That my Religion taught the ſame that you do,
I rather wou'd turn Heretick, Turk, or Pagan,
Than be ſo one hour longer.
Prim. Scarce can the ſtupid *Ignorance* excuſe you;
A Heretick himſelf could ſay no more.
Hath not the ſacred *Lateran* Council made it
An Article as needful to Salvation,
As any of the *Creed*, That this curſt Fry,
Rebels to *Holy Church*, ſhou'd be deſtroy'd
By Fire and Sword, or any other way,
Where-e'er they'r found, like other Beaſts of Prey?

While

While that of *Conſtance* makes this other eaſie,
And bids us keep no Faith with thoſe that have none:
A pious, neceſſary, uſeful, comfortable Doctrine!
You are a Souldier—'Tis a Stratagem:
Thoſe ſtill in War are lawful ——And *I*'ll tell you
Once more, If this you know not, Sir, you'r guilty
Of Ignorance inexcuſable——. Why 'tis
The very Cement of the *CAUSE*, the *Blood*, the *Life*
Of *Holy Mother*: (Yet you are to learn
Your Catechiſe.) ——'Tis what her eldeſt Son
Has practiſed many Years. See how he's bleſt,
How all ſucceeds. and he ſpeaks Fate in *Europe*.
If this you know, as how can you be ignorant
Of what each Catholick, eſpecially
Each *IRISH*-Man ſucks with his firſt-drawn Milk.
(Whoever here of all your Country-men,
Beſides that falſe Apoſtate Wretch *Clanrickard*,
Was guilty known, of ſuch an eaſie Meanneſs)
Repent, or elſe expect the *Church*'s CURSE.
The heavy Doom that waits; for by her Laws
Your *ipſo facto* Excommunicate.

Tyrcon. My Lord, 'tis not a time for theſe Diſcourſes:
Though his weak Conſcience cannot yet digeſt
Such manly Food, we know he's firm to th' Cauſe;
Brave! and wou'd freely loſe a Life i'th' Quarrel:
Rather let's *think*, and, with united Councels,
Conſider what we've done, and where we are.

Nug. Think? What have we to think of? Firſt let's act;
'Tis time enough to *think* when that is done:
'Tis a plain *Impoſition* on our Natives,
To fall on ſuch unneceſſary Work:
We have an Hundred Thouſand Men in Arms;
None but the wretched Relies of Rebellion,
That dare withſtand us here: Let's o'er to *England*,
That golden Land, where Palms and Laurels wait us,
Delicious Murthers, and ſweet Maſſacres:

Hang, Drown, Stab, Burn, Boil, Eat, Damn our proud Conquerors.

Neag. That will do well; 'tis excellently motion'd;
What brave *Mileſan* wou'd not ſtake his Soul
On the *Deſign?* But firſt let's clear our own,
Ere we attempt on others Lands. Thoſe Relics
You talk of, are like Vipers Spawn, if not
Cruſht ſpeedily, in time they'll grow too ſturdy,
And ſend their Venome hiſſing o'er the *Iſland*:
Firſt ſend *fair Words, good Terms, ſweet-honied Proffers,*
(Which we know how to keep) clear once the *North,*
Derry, and *Inniskilling,* all's our own:
Give 'em what Articles they pleaſe themſelves,
Promiſes coſt not much; they may believe;
The *Engliſh* all are kind-believing FOOLS,
Or now had been our Maſters: If this takes,
We have our Men, and vain Expence of Blood,
For better Purpoſes.

1. *Iriſh Lord.* Wou'd that were over;
I'd be content, cou'd we ſecure our own;
Nor ever much ambition'd Foreign Conqueſts:
The *Engliſh* ſooner *Cheated* are, than *Beaten*;
We muſt expect a formidable Army
Shortly in our Bowels; Though their Hands
Are raiſing long, they generally fall heavy.

2. *Lord.* My Lord, I muſt entirely join with you;
We owe our *Safety* to their *Eaſineſs*:
Had they not kindly thought we wou'd come over,
And yield the Sword, entreating they'd accept
That, and our Lives; we ſcarce had now been talking
How we ſhou'd conquer them: And, to ſay truth,
That was a Maſter-piece of *Iriſh* Cunning,
To drill 'em on with Promiſes and Oaths
Of free ſubmiſſion, when they'd pleaſe to take it,
Till we were able to laugh at 'em, and
Deſpiſe their Threatnings. I own 'twas juſtly managed,

And

And very pleaſantly was that fine Fool — Sir W. Temple's Son.
Entrapt, who promis'd *England* ſuch Succeſs,
Such Mountains of Foreign Hopes from Secret Treaties,
The end too crown'd the Work: When he perceiv'd
We were not quite ſo good to keep our Words
The Generous Fool diſpatch'd himſelf for Shame,
To be out-witted by an *Iriſh* Man: — Hamilton.
And heartily I wiſh, as any here,
The Frolick would go round, till we poſſeſs'd
Their Vacant Hives, without the toyl of Firing
The Drones away; (tho' then we loſt the Pleaſure
Of Killing, and the Lechery of Murder;)
But Since they won't go on in a good Work,
We muſt take Care to keep ſecure, by *force*,
What we by *Art* have won; Firſt, clear thoſe Garriſons;
(Talk'd of, perhaps, more eaſily then done;)
Secure the Country next from Rapparees,
Who elſe will ſoon deſtroy the breed of Cattle,
And bring a Famine, ſpite of all our plenty,
That done, a Magazeen of Arms ſufficient,
Proviſion too, againſt what caſually
May happen, and that certain Deſolation
Armies and War bring with 'em; then we may
Think on the other Projects.

Prim. A Curſe on this Luke-warmneſs, in the Cauſe,
It ruines all; Was't not theſe Noble Lords,
Theſe Valiant Heroes, who (in Council) preſſed
To have the Prince Proclaim'd?

1ſt. L. Yes, and we judged,
We then had Reaſon; had not firſt the King
Both quitted *England*, and obliged his Subjects,
Armies, Commanders, Officers and Garriſons,
To yield to *Orange*? Did not a ſure Friend
(As ſome we ſtill have there) ſend us a Pacquet,
Adviſing this, and his departure following,

We

We knew not where? Shou'd all have been expoſed
To a Head-ſtrong, Wild, Ungovernable Rabble?
Tyrc. No more my Lords, the Caſe is alter'd ſince,
And we have Arms from *France*, whoſe generous Prince,
Delight of all Mankind, with pious Care,
Our Royal Refuge has welcom'd there:
Strong Succours thence we wait, nor ſhall we fail,
The Catholick Cauſe, with them, muſt needs prevail;
The while, my Lords, we all muſt reſt content,
The Fate of War there's nothing can prevent;
Diſorders make the Souldiers brave and bold,
You break him if too cloſe the Reins you hold;
Beſides, our Troops on nothing elſe can live;
But what our vanquiſh'd Slaves Eſtates can give;
When they are humbled, and their ſtock brought low;
For theirs, we need not doubt, the firſt will go,
'Twill then, be time, my Lords! to think on you.
Be you, and your Eſtates, our chiefeſt Care,
On pain of Death they ſhall your Fields forbear;
But firſt, the Northern Rebels let's ſubdue,
At *Derry*, and at *Inniskilling* too;
The Firſt your Lot [to *Hamilt.*] The Second fall to you, [to *Mac.*]
Hamilt. My Lord I doubt not, ſpeedily to give
A better Account of them, then ere to *England*
Of my Wiſe Errand hither; nor was ought
Loſt, by my not returning, but my Word,
A few looſe Vows, perhap an Oath or Two,
And Airy Honour pawn'd; let 'em make much on't,
And ſeize thoſe precious Pledges for my ſtay,
While with this Sword, I th' Obligation pay;
And haſten to my welcome Charge, away.
Exit Hamilton.

Mac. I cannot promiſe much, our Troops are raw,
Have ſeen no Enemy, if Diſciplin'd
For a few Months, yet grown by their late Freedom
Glaggard and Wild, Unruly, Careleſs, Vain;

The Enemy Deſperate, Numerous, Firm and Hearty;
But what I can perform, in Act or Council,
Whether by Expedition or Surprize,
If they too heedleſs, as they often are;
Or by fair fighting, if they ſtand the Field;
Or formal Siege, if they ſtill keep the Town,
I will attempt, and do, if Fate play fair,
Or leave my Life behind.

Tyrcon. We know you Sir,
Your Courage and your Conduct, take the beſt
Of all our Troops; proceed, ſucceſs attend you,
While we go order your Diſpatch, and ſend
Once more to th' Rebels, if fair means avail,
And ſave our Troubles, and their own Deſtruction.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT. I. SCENE. II.

[*Enter* Iriſh Rabble, *Men, Woman and Children; the Men with Swords and Clubs, the Women with Skenes, the Children with wooden Swords and Knives. A* Piper *before 'em (as was their uſual Cuſtom) with a Prey of* Black and ſmall Cattle, *which they had robbed the* Engliſh *of.*)

[*1ſt o'th' Rabble.*] Rare times, by Saint *Patrick*; the beſt that *Ireland* ever ſaw, by my Soul Joy; why who wou'd be at the Trouble to raiſe and breed Cattle of their own, when the *Heretick Dogs* can do't to our Hands, without any pain?

2. —— Right Neighbour *Teague*; and beſides they are all our *Tenants*, not we *Theirs*; for *I* heard *Father Dominick*, *our Prieſt*, make a Swear, that this was all our Country, Five Thouſand Years before the *New-Moon* was made, and the *Engliſh* Thieves never came hither to rob us of our own till the next Year after the Flood was over.

3. —— Well

3. —— Well, See what 'tis to have Learning; they muſt talk what they will, but if *I* know any thing, there's ne'r a Clergy, in Chriſtendom to compare with the *Iriſh*; only the Truth is, they do lead a ſtray a Cheeſe, or a Flitch of Bacon, now and then; and ſometimes the Bottle of *Uſquebagh* ſtraggles after it. But all that's as eaſily forgiven as they do us, ſince they have ſo kindly prov'd the Lawfulneſs and Neceſſity of our plundering the *Engliſh*, their Snacks always reſerved and reaſon good.

4. —— But to ſee how ſtubborn and impudent ſome of theſe Proteſtant Devils are; *I* went to one of 'em that had been once my Maſter, (tho' now the Caſe is alter'd), and bid him give me a Cow; the impudent Raſcal denied it to my Face, which ſo much provok'd me, as well it might, *I* had ſtuck my Skene in his Guts, had not ſome other of his Crew hindred me. who are all ſince fled together, to the Northern Rebels, where *I* hope, ſhortly, to have the hanging of Two or Three Dozen of 'em.

1. —— They are e'n too kindly uſed, that makes 'em ſo malepert, what would they be Angels? Would they have more than their Lives? Unconſcionable Dogs; their Brains deſerved to be knock'd out if 'twere for no other Reaſon.

2 —— Ay, That's the only way, after all. Ah Neighbours! had you ſeen, but what *I* ha' ſeen; we have made ſome ſport on't formerly, but now this Fooliſh pity ſpoils all. *If* you had but heard how the Hereticks yelp'd, when we burnt a Hundred of them in a Houſe together. Oh! *I* cou'd have humour'd it to the Life then; but now *I* grow hoarſe, and have almoſt forgot it; *I* remember there was one ſprawling Brat, of a Year or Two Old, that the Mother on't, or ſome body, had thruſt out to ſave its Life; but how we all laugh'd when one of our Company ſtuck it a top of his Pike, to ſee the little Baſtard ſprawl about with his Legs and Arms, till he pitch'd it over again into the Fire, and made an end on't.

3. —— What's that to the Invention of my Old Grand-Mother, reſt her Soul, tho her Body was hang'd for't: My Father had ripp'd up Two or Three fat Perſons Bellies, and the good ſaving Creature, finding they tallowed well, took out their Greaſe, and made Candles of it: But never was a pleaſanter ſight, than to ſee how it dripp'd

in

in the Candle-ſtick, as if they had been ſweating at it in their Pulpit agen.

5 —— That was nothing neither, to what work we made with one of 'em; we ripp'd up his Belly, and tied one end of his ſmall Guts to a Tree, driving him round till he had pull'd 'em all out, and then knock'd him o'th' Head, and with our common Farewel, tho' to good for 'em, ſent his *Soul to the Devil.*

2. ---Ha, ha, ha! That was pretty well; but I think our Town was even with you; we had kill'd about Twenty, or ſome ſuch ſmall Buſineſs, of *Engliſh* Whores, and afterwards finding one of their Brats, in a Cradle, bawling for Meat, took it out, and put it to the Breaſt of the dead Jade his Mother, bidding the young Baſtard ſuck if't had any mind to't, and there left it for the Dogs to eat them together.

4. —— All in good time, we may yet ſerve 'em the ſame ſawce. In the mean while, let's be reveng'd on any thing that belongs to their Country. Their Lubberly Breed of Black Cattle here, what ſhall we do with 'em all? We'll find ſome way or other to torment, as well as get rid of 'em, and they'll have little Cauſe to complain, that are uſed as well as their Maſters.

2. —— Let's ſerve 'em as we did the Fellow, I told you of, Tie 'em to a Stake, and cut off pieces of their Fleſh alive; by this we ſhall have the double Pleaſure of tormenting 'em, and ſeeing how finely they'll dance and roar to make us Muſick.

1. —— By Saint *Pantrick*, but that be a very good way, Joy! Agreed; all Hands to work here. What, Do theſe hang an Arſe, and pretend to be Refractory, as well as their Maſters? There, --- this is faſt enough: Come, --- Firſt let's have a Song, and then fall on, at the Word of Gommand.

[They Sing an *Iriſh* Song, Dancing round a fat *Engliſh* Ox, tied to a Stake; and as ſoon as that was over, fall all together upon it, cutting out pieces of them alive, and broiling it upon the Coals. In the mean while, a ſmall Party of *Engliſh*, ſurprize, and fall upon 'em; on which, all the Rabble ſet up the *Iriſh* yell, and run away without ſtriking a ſtroke.]

1. *Engliſhman.* A Soul-leſs heap of Animals! that Nobler Beaſt
They here torment, has infinite more Valour,
Than all their Raſcal Nation, piled together.
2. ——Are theſe the Champions, theſe the Stil-Cow Heroes,
Muſt Conquer *England*? Sure 'twould be a Problem
Well worth reſolving; How many of 'em
Muſt go to killing one of us: I ſhou'd
Be flatter'd to eſteem my Self immortal,
Had I a Leaſe of Life, till they cou'd take it.
3. —— Slaves! long-worn Slaves, and Ten times baffled Rebels,
Were one poor *Engliſh-man* (deſign'd by Fate,
By Courage, Earth, and Heaven it ſelf their Maſter)
Tied to a Poſt, as this poor Beaſt before us,
Among a Thouſand of thoſe Cut-Throat Monſters
Were but his Face uncover'd, cou'd they ſee him
See but their Maſter, ſure they ſcarce dar'd ſtab him.
I queſtion'd if the Cowards would not tremble,
Until their bloody Baggonets forſook
Their Guilty Hands.
4. —— No Sir, you are miſtaken,
Then is their very time; or then or never;
Unleſs, when loaded with baſe Multitude;
And rather preſs'd ro Death, than fairly kill'd.
They can't ſo much as Murder one of ours.
O they are bold as Lions, rather Wolves,
When they on helpleſs *Women* light, or *Children*,
Or Men unarm'd, helpleſs, and weak, as they.
2. ——But leſt we meet, the Fate which oft has happen'd
To our brave Countrymen, and fall a Prey,
Born down and trodden with inglorious Numbers;
Let's cut our way to *Derry*, for this part
O'th' Country's all their own; but there 'tis ſaid
They ſtem the Tide, already ſhut the Gate
Againſt their Troops.
1. ——Fair Fortune ſtill attend 'em,
And Crown their Courage with well purchaſed Lawrels,

Whilſt

Whilſt to their Succour, and our own we flie,
And bravely conquer, or as bravely die.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT I. SCENE III.

Enter Tyrconnel, *the Primate*, Caſhel, Nugent, Neagle.

Neag. How tame the harmleſs Sheep convey'd himſelf
To a ſafe Priſon! O 'twas a wiſe Meſſage,
To ask leave to beſtow ſo large a Kingdom,
Almoſt for leſs than asking. Thoughtleſs *Mountjoy*,
Whoſe Embaſſy, no doubt, is kindly taken;
Thy ſelf for more Magnificence and Grandeur,
In higheſt State art lodg'd at the *Baſtile*.

Tyrc. Chiefly to you we owe that piece of Policy,
Nor ſhall it fail Reward: He need not fear
A kind Reception, when ſo true a Friend
As *Rice* goes with him; but we muſt have News,
The Wind ſtands fair from *Breſt*, and they muſt needs
Be long ere this arriv'd.

Caſh. Sure the very Thoughts of our admired, adored, true Cath. K.
Thus honouring this lov'd Country, with his Preſence,
Will make us all invincible.

Prim. Then ſhall the Rebels know what 'tis to affront him;
'Tis their turn now. The *Engliſh* are the Rebels,
And we their Rightful, Loyal, conquering Maſters.

Tyrc. And have a Title that's uncontroverted,
A Hundred Thouſand Men beſides the King;
And who dares call him Rebel that has either
Of theſe Two Glorious Helpers to his Cauſe?

Caſh. The very Name of one ſo much belov'd,
So long deſired by all our Country-men,

And justly, for as much he honours them
With his kind Thoughts, -- his single Name wou'd do,
Without an Army, and inspire new Courage
If any wanted it ---- 'twas he alone,
Who thro' the last false dangerous Trimming Reign,
Screen'd off the fury of the Rebels from us;
Got that proud Heretick, imperious *Ormond*,
Oftner than once remov'd. 'T was he who found
The Treacherous *Essex*, who buoyed up the *English*,
And their decaying Interests against us.
He found him out at last, spite of his Policy,
And did reward him in due time and place.
---- But when kind Fate, or of her own accord;
Or jogg'd by some Officious Catholick Hand,
Broke *Charles* his Linsy-Woolsey Line of Life,
When our bright Star ascended his Meridian,
And shot his Beams from *London* to our Isle,
What Loyal Face was seen without a smile?
Scarce will our Joy, or Juster, be or more,
When with his Royal Feet, he treads our Shore.

Tyrc. Be it our Care, the while t' amuse the People,
Persuade 'em he's arriv'd already her;
This will affright the *English*, if they'd stir,
And raise the Courage of our Country-men.
Were we not Politicians, things exempt
From the dull common road of Just and Right,
In which the World drudge on; yet our Religion
Permits, nay, does encourage such a Lye
As serves the Church, and that no doubt's wrapt up
Together, with our Cause, and stands or falls,
As we do here.

[*Enter Servants.*] A Courier wants Admittance to your Excellency.

Tyrcon. Go fetch him in.

Courier. These from *Versailles*, my Lord, some few days since.

[*Delivers Letters.*] From the King's Royal Hand I did receive 'em.

Tyrcon.

Tyrcon. Say, How was his Reception and Attendance
In that great Court?

Cour. Magnificent and Royal;
Shou'd he return a *Conqueror* to *London*,
Scarce cou'd the Pomp be greater. Guards were ſent
To attend him on the Road; a fair Retinue
Of young Nobility ſoon found to wait him:
And when he came, we ſcarce knew which was King.

Caſh. were any Preparations going forward
For his appearing here?

Cour. All that was poſſible;
And the Great *LEWIS* ſwore to all his Court,
If any wou'd almoſt *Oblige* their Prince,
'Twou'd be by waiting on the *ROYAL EXILE*,
Vent'ring their Lives on one joint Stock with HIS.
A Squadron was equipp'd at *Breſt*, as *I*
Came through the Harbour, all prepared, and ready
To attend him thither.

Tyrcon. His Letter ſpeaks as much; [*Having read the Packet.*
Ere this time he's embarked, the Wind ſtands fair;
And large Supplies of Money, and of Men,
Will with him ſoon be here, (if it were poſſible)
To inſpire more Life into our vigorous Cauſe.

Nug. And ſhall we be too merciful and tender,
And ruine all agen, as once before?

Prim. Then we deſerve to fall unpitied too,
Pointed and laugh'd by each zealous Catholick,
The Scorn of every Heretick in *Europe*:
No; had good Counſel been but follow'd, when
We laſt appeared for the ſame noble Cauſe.
Had thoſe who ſafely then adviſed **All All**,
Been hearken'd to, we'd long ere this been Maſters,
And *Ireland* full as Catholick as *Spain*.
But O this eaſie, fooliſh, cruel Pity!
This Ague of Mankind, far worſe than Fear!
This Palſie of the Soul, which makes it tremble,

When

When ought that's Daring calls it out to act!
Others there were, forſooth, for gentler Methods
For *Speeding*; none but ſuch as die reſiſt:
And thus the Matter hung, 'till 'twas reſolv'd
All ſhou'd be left at liberty; Or kill,
Or ſave alive, as Bravery or Weakneſs
Shou'd prompt 'em; and we ſince have felt the Event;
We did *Our Buſineſs* by not doing *Theirs:*
The ſafer wiſer, much more Catholick Way,
Had been on higheſt pain of *Church*'s *Thunder*,
Incurring greater Excommunication
As after; though too late we did at *James-Town*,
And ſoon blew Mighty *Ormond* from the Kingdom;
Nor valu'd his Commiſſion from his Maſter,
Since both were Hereticks: On all the Pains
Of this and t'other World, (for both do well together)
To have forbid all Quarter; Children, Women,
And all their curſed Brood one Sacrifice.
We now have one Throw more; if that we loſe,
Farewel for ever.

Neag. Stay for the Bear's Skin;
Secure the *Dam*, or we ne'er get the *Cubs*:
Derry and *Inniskilling* once our own,
All is ſo; then we may have all our Wiſhes.
(*Enter Courier.*) Here comes a Face of News; let's have it ſpeedily.

Cour. The King is ſafely landed at *Kingſale*,
And comes directly hither: All the Country
Roll after him: We ne'er cou'd want Arms,
Had we none Liſted.

Tyrcon. Ring the Bells; let Bonfires,
Illuminations, all the Expreſſions poſſible
Of Joy be made; the Conduit fill with Claret,
(Another Liquor, though of the ſame Colour
Much nobler were) Draw up the the Guards in readineſs;
Let th' Aldermen be ready in their Robes.

Cour. 'Tis done already; all is freely done,

And more, as I came by and told the News:
For very Joy, the *Engliſh Dogs* are plunder'd
Of all they have; their Houſes Bonfires made;
Well if they 'ſcape Themſelves.

Prim. 'Tis rarely well---O this dear pious Rabble!
Honeſt plain-hearted People! How I love 'em!
My very Soul ſeems of a piece with theirs:
Here's no Diſſimulation; that I hate;
No mincing o'er the Buſineſs; but plain-dealing,
Without the curſt Diſguiſe of *Policy*,
The odious luke-warm Temper dreſſes in.

Cour. As he in higheſt Pomp paſt through *Killkenny*,
The Elegant *Recorder* made a Speech,
Which *Tully* could not mend; ſcarce equal it:
I have a Copy here.

Caſh. Let's ſee it immediately.

Caſhel Reads.

May it pleaſe Your moſt ſacred Majeſty,

'If ever Rain was welcome to the thirſty Earth, the Sun to fro-
'zen *Greenland*, or Bonny-clabber to the gaping Jaws of an hungry
'*Iriſh*-man, your Majeſty is welcome, trebly welcome, to this your
'LOYAL Kingdom. 'Twould be time vainly ſpent, to inform a
'Perſon ſo well read, ſo deeply skill'd in Books and Hiſtory, as
'your Majeſty, how many thouſand thouſand Years your Majeſty's
'Royal Anceſtors have Sway'd the Scepter of this *Bleſſed Iſland*. In
'the thirty three thouſandth Year, it was preciſely of *Plato*'s great
'Circle, when your Progenitors firſt landed here, as we find atte-
'ſted in the moſt Authentick Chronicles of this our ancient Nation:
'Nor was it many Thouſands after, ere we made a Deſcent into
'*Scotland*, routed the heretical Kirk there, planted by *Cain*'s great
'Grandſon, and eſtabliſh'd the primitive Catholick Religion, which
'has remain'd unto this day, among the civil *Highlanders* there, as
well

'well as in this your no less Accomplished Kingdom. We must take
'leave to protest, We can hardly be sorry that the rebellious Here-
'ticks of your Neighbour-Nation, have given us so splendid an oc-
'casion of letting your Majesty see our Loyalty, and they feel our
'our Valour. Now is the time, or very near is it approaching,
'when your rebellious *Exeter*, your fanatical *Bristol*, your treache-
'rous *York*, and your ungrateful *London*, and all the other little
'Hamlets there, shall fly before the conquering Arms of your Loyal
'*Dublin*, and ever-renowned *Kilkenny*, when in the midst of the
'loud Acclamations of the heroical *Irish*, and Curses of your grovling
'Rebels, we re-seat you in the ancient *Throne*, with as much Glory
'as ever you left it. (*Dixi.*

Prim. Who now dares say our Country-men are Blockheads?
Here is a Speech almost worth Paradise. (*Turning to* Nugent.
Scace that, my Lord, you spake at Council-*Table*,
When one of our Embassadors at *London*,
So highly admired, that as *I* oft have heard,
The very Boys, though Spawn of Hereticks,
Ran by your Coach, and clapt you as you went;
Scarce that cou'd this exceed.

Nugent. My Lord *I* own it:
And more, he has himself out-done, as well
As we; and were it possible, done right
Unto the great Occasion.

Tyrcon. We've now no time to spend in such Discourses;
The King himself in a few hours sees *Dublin*:
Each moment *I* expect a Post from the North;
And cou'd we but present him with the News,
As *I* much hope, that those two stubborn *Towns*,
Are in our hands, 'twou'd be a grateful Welcome.

Nug. More grateful News that Messenger would tell,
Who brought Advice,
That they and all within 'em sunk to Hell.

ACT II. SCENE I.

INNISKILLING.

Enter the Governour, two Collonels, Captains, &c.

Governour. NOw for our Honour, Country, and our Lives,
And more than all, the Proteſtant Religion.
All beckon out the brave —— this World and t'other,
Courage and Nature, all that's dear and ſacred,
Both warrant and oblige Reſiſtance here.
Be Slaves to th' *Iriſh*, ſuch as have been ours,
Almoſt beyond the reach of Chronicle;
So long 'till 'tis at laſt as much their Nature,
As Falſhood, Cowardice and Cruelty!
So long, they *dare* not ſure be otherwiſe;
And 'twas indeed their choice, their backs were made for't,
Their Souls juſt of a *ſize* and *bore* that ſpoke 'em
What they have ſpoke themſelves — yet when we found 'em,
(Call'd over by themſelves under our *Henry*)
Bruitiſhly baſe as Nature made or Hell
Reform'd 'em, ſunk in ſins too black to name,
Murders as common as Adulteries,
Inceſts or Rapes —— no ſence of juſt or right,
No Law, no Faith, no Truth, no Manners left.
When thus we found 'em, only at firſt content
With ſome few Caſtles there, we thoſe reliev'd,
Who begg'd our aid, and peaceably ſtill liv'd,
'Till what ſo fair we bought they'd have retain:
With Treachery, Perjury, Blood-ſhed, they began,
Nor have degenerated — when our own Defence
Forc'd us to Arms, when Strong bow, *Courcy*, *Lacy*,
(Only two mighty Names) i'th' Chance of War,
Obtain'd whole Counties from 'em, or indeed

From Wolves and Bogs, and Faſtneſſes and Woods;
And our great *Henry* with a Royal Army
The Conqueſt perfected — we found 'em ſavage,
But left 'em Men —— or wou'd at leaſt have done it,
Had they conſented, as they feign'd to do.
They ſlunk and ran, and truckled to their Conqu'ror,
They kneel'd, and crouch'd, and fawn'd, and lickt his Feet.
He gave 'em Life, and more, he gave 'em Laws,
Redeem'd 'em from themſelves and one another,
Whoſe only rule before was Brutal Force,
And when they all had ſworn perpetual Fealty,
Reſtor'd their Countrey better than before.

1. *Coll.* Oft have we read the Story, oft have wonder'd
At this repeated Treachery and Blood;
Until ſo oft repeated, 'twas no wonder
They never injur'd us, but when we truſted
To their good Nature, Vows, or ſlight-ſpun Oaths,
Snapt eaſily as weak *Arachne*'s thred.

2. *Coll.* 'Tis hard that theſe at laſt muſt be our Maſters ——
Nor ſhall they be, while we have Hands or Swords,
Nay, Teeth or Nails —— (weapons to fight with Beaſts)
O 'tis tranſporting Pleaſure thus to dye,
Rather than live Slaves to the inſulting *Iriſh*.

Governour. Live Slaves to th' *Iriſh!* if ſome Angel bid us,
I ſhou'd make bold to queſtion his Commiſſion;
Whom by ſo many hundred Skirmiſhes,
So many Battels and almoſt new Conqueſts,
After their vain, their fruitleſs kind Rebellions,
By which their Title they ſo juſtly loſt
To what remain'd-- whom we ſo oft have broke,
And trod their ſtubborn necks ſo oft in duſt
At vaſt expence of Engliſh Coin and Blood,
Infinitely more than e're the Iſland's worth,
—Yet ſtill our fatal Goodneſs ruin'd all,
Forgiving faſter than they could offend,
'Till now we feel our Kindneſs and their Gratitude,
Almoſt too late ——

1. *Coll.*

1 *Coll.* And yet 'tis not ſo ſtrange for Brutes to act
As Nature prompts 'em, bite, and ſnarl, and ſtruggle,
And gnaw their Chain — but that a *humane Creature*,
A *Man* ſhould Brutifie ſo much,
To learn their Manners, eat and drink like they,
And yell, and rove, and ſport, nay couple with 'em,
Till they deſcend, and creep in the ſame manner;
'Tis ſtrange indeed — Yet thus and worſe do thoſe
Who have ſo long bin converſant among 'em,
'Till what by Meetings, Intermarriages
And Goſſippings, they grow as errand *Iriſh*,
Stark bruitiſh, mad, wild things as ever howl'd
O're a dead Carkaſs —— For the Wolves and they
With the ſame Order, ſelf-ſame Ceremony
And Note, and Tune, over the Dead lament.

Governour. What Death, what Puniſhment is equal to
This Sin, this Crime, this worſe than beſtiality?
—— But 'tis too ſoon or late for ſuch a Queſtion,
This one effort they make, and have puſht home,
To clear the land of their not wiſh'd Inſtructors,
And be as barbarous as they were before.
If this they gain not, they are loſt for ever,
If this we gain, henceforth 'tis ours for ever.
'Tis true, there's little left, but that's worth keeping.
England is ſtill our own, and that brave Prince
Who holds the Crown with ſtrong and rightful hand,
Will not forſake our Intereſt and his own.
Then happy they who bravely ſtem the Wave,
'Till he holds out his Hand our ſinking Bark to ſave.

2. *Coll.* We ſhall have Storms —— the Sea works hard and loud,
The gathering Floods look big, and ſcowl along
Rolling far off — from all hands we've advice
Macarty with the Flower of all their Forces
Approaches hither, and has vow'd to lay
His Bones here, or ſubdue us.

Governour. That may be ——
For he has Honour, and 'tis not unlikely,

He will do one or t'other —— which o'th two
Lies yet in Fates dark womb —— Do Heaven its pleaſure;
Let's act like Men, and either live or dye ſo.

2. *Coll.* They ſay indeed that Gentleman you named
Is a meer Prodigy of an *Iriſh* man,
A ſtranger thing than Toad or Serpent were,
That he's both brave and honeſt in deſpite
Of his curſt Country, and as curſt Religion.
And his good natural temper has workt out
The Venom of 'em both —— In brief he wants
Only a better Cauſe and better Maſter:
Grant him but that and better Souldiers too,
I'd not deſire a braver Enemy.

Captain. What e're he is, you'll have him quickly here,
As o're the Neighbouring Hills I ſcowr'd this Morn,
We ſaw ſome Troops, which ſure cou'd be no other
Than advanc'd Guards to his Army.

Governour. When he pleaſe ——
We wou'd not willingly be unprepared
Of kind reception for ſo great a Stranger.
—— Go draw your Forces up under the Walls,
We'll meet, not wait 'em — Captain! be't your care
With a ſmart flying Party to diſcover
Once more what Face they bear, and of what number;
(Thô that's the leaſt, we'll fight 'em, thô a Million)
Beware of Ambuſhes, the Graves o'th' *Engliſh*,
Which there have bury'd ten times more than e're
They in fair Battle loſt. — Each Man to his Charge.

[*Exeunt Omnes*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE II.

MACARTY's Camp.

Enter Macarty, *Officers, Souldiers, — Exerciſing.*

Macarty. ARe theſe the Men deſign'd to conquer Kingdoms?
The miſerable Props of bleeding *Ireland:*
Simplicity and Cowardice mixt in
Such juſt proportion, none knows which ſurpaſſes.
Why muſt I blame my Countrey-men, yet why
Do they deſerve 't? —— Were any Cauſe beſides
My King's concern'd, I'd never truſt my ſelf
At the Head of 'em — Theſe the beſt, cull'd Men!
Sure they ne're handled Muſquet, Pike or Sword
Before this Expedition —— Let's however
See what we muſt expect — Serjeant, draw out
A File or two, and exerciſe 'em here.

[*The Officer draws 'em out, and after the other uſual words of Command, bids 'em*

Face to the Right!

[*They all fall into Confuſion, ſome facing one way, ſome t'other.*

Macarty. O ſtupid, worſe than Beaſts — I'll teach my Horſe
What is too high for them!

[*Officer ſets 'em in order agen, and then Commands.*

To the left!

[*They fall into the ſame Confuſion they were in before.*

Macarty. I never knew 'em conſtant but in Miſchief,
And there they never fail ——

[*Once more they are reduced, and the Word given.*

To

To the left about !

[*They all throw down their Arms and run quite away.*

Macarty. There only did they not at all deceive
My Expectations—Shall I rave or pity 'em ?
Are theſe fit men to face well-order'd Troops,
Fleſht with Succeſs and a long Train of Victories?
Well Gentlemen,——We muſt be Sacrific'd,
And that's the worſt——We die for a good Maſter,
For ſuch we ever ought to think our King ;
But yet I can't without regret reſign
A Life which might with yours have done ſome Service,
If not Encumber'd with a uſeleſs Rabble
Miſcall'd an Army.

1. *Officer.* Twas perhaps chance,
Thoſe Raw, Rude-Fellows lately were drawn out,
The others ſure are better, —— 'Tis impoſſible
They ſhou'd be all ſo.

Macarty. One and all I fear,
However, order forth another Party,
And ſee what they'll do.

[*The Officer draws out others —Gives the words — They do all well enough till he bids 'em Fire, — one half never does it at all, the other one after another, and moſt of them wink, and ſhoot juſt in one anothers Faces, —- at which concluding themſelves kill'd, one part drops down, and t'other runs away.*]

Macarty. The very Emblem of a Battle this !
And this I expect —— they n'ere ſhall cheat me more.

2. *Officer.* Tho' they are ſomewhat inexpert, my Lord,
They may be brave and faithfull when they meet
The Enemy ——— whom yet they never ſaw.
There ſtands a little Caſtle not far off,
Man'd by ſome fifty Foot ——— 'tis Old and Weak,
They've little Ammunition —— If on this
We fleſht 'em, t'wou'd do well, they'd rowze their Courage,
Which yet has drowſie lain for want of Action.

Macarty. Tho' but too eaſily I gueſs th' Event,
I'll not forebode — and ſeeing fight we muſt,

As

As good begin —— Detach 500 Foot,
A Company of Granadeers may joyn 'em;
Sure thoſe will carry't, or the Army won't.
Mean time the reſt to Council to reſolve,
How we muſt manage this unlucky buſineſs,
And where to moſt advantage lay our Bones. [*Exeunt Omnes*

ACT II. SCENE III.

[*Enter* 3 *or* 4 *Souldiers* --- Mac-Shane, O Donnel, Teigue, *&c.*

Teigue. BY my Shoul now if ever poor *Teigue* ſaw the like in my Life. Why my Goſſip ty'd a Red Ribon about my left hand that I might be ſure to know it from my right,—— and the Ugly-Dog Rogue of an *Engliſh* Serjeant bid me turn to the Right, and put me quite out.

Mac-Shane. But was n't mine Stranger than that too?—may they maak haung upon my Mothers Son if I did did not turn the ſame way both times, and yet the Churl ſaid I was right the firſt, and wrong the ſecond time.

O Donnel. And when he bid us Face about, I thought t'had bin to charge the Enemy — ſo daring not be out of my Ranks at ſuch a dangerous time, ran back agen to the main Body whence I was drawn.

Teigue. Upon my Shaulvaaſhion but ſo did we too —— but had the Rebels bin coming in earneſt —— wee'd have cut the pittiful Raſcals all to pieces. —— So, ſo, —— *Teigue* wou'd have ript up the Guts of the Hereticks. ——

[*Puls out his Sword and Fences in the Air.*

So he would have cut his Head off. —— and juſt ſo, ——

[*Clubs his Muſquet.*

Juſt ſo when he cry for mercy —— No *Engliſh* Dog you—— I'll knock out your Brains.

[*While they are Vaporing and Laughing, Enter the Detachment that went to Storm the Caſtle, beat in by the* Engliſh, *who*

who Sally'd upon 'em.]

Officer. They Fought like Devils, and Ours not like men ;
Like Women, nay a Child, an *Engliſh* Boy
Might kill 'em had he but the ſtrength, for they
Make no reſiſtance ---- once more if you're men
Stand and ſave all ---- do but look back and ſee
Your Enemy. ----

[*The* Engliſh *Enter. The Officer and ſeveral Souldiers fall.* O Donnel *tumbles among the Slain, and pretends himſelf Dead.* Mac Shane *creeps into a Buſh, and* Teigue *being the nimbleſt Footman, runs away (the* Engliſh *following the Chaſe,) and Re-enters breathleſs at the Generals Tent.*

Enter Macarty, *Officers,* Teigue *looking fearfully over his Shoulder.* ——

Teigue. O Sir --- my Lord --- we're loſt -- St. *Patrick* ſave us! The Army —— oh —— the *Engliſh* Army.

Macarty. VVhat of them Coward ? are they more than men ?

Teigue. Than men Sir —— O yes Sir —— They have every one of 'em Eyes as big as Sawcers, and ſpit Fire like Dragons —— twenty thouſand, O they're here juſt at the Door, and I'm Dead.

Macarty. VVhat are they come *Incognito* ? ---- VVe muſt have ſeen or heard ſome News what ever 'tis.

Captain. Go bid my Regiment advance.

Captain. They're here ---- and even juſt there's the Enemy.

[*Enter the* Engliſh, *beating in the* Iriſh ——

Macarty. Is this the dreadful Army ? one poor Company ! VVell - Charge 'em ---- See if they are all immortal.

They Charge the Engliſh, *who ſtill Fighting retreat in good Order, till they regain their Fort.*

Macarty. Farewell Temper ! 'Tis beyond the Patience
Not only of a Souldier but a Saint
Patrick himſelf, of whom our holy Fryers
Tell us ſuch holy Lies, wou'd ſwear to ſee it ;
This half a-handfull to outbrave our Army !
Come on, go off, beat, kill, do what they pleaſe ! ——

O Fate —— thou'ſt cheated me —— ſure I was mouldie,
To lead ſuch men as thoſe who Conquer mine,
Yes rather had I head one ſingle Troop
Of ſuch as they, than all this Soulleſs rout !
This Pageant of a War — this Paſtbord Army,
Scarce thoſe in muſty Arras wove look worſe,
Or ſtand more patient to be cut in pieces:
No, there I wrong'd 'em firſt — they will not ſtand,
So faſt they run, that Death can ſcarce o'retake 'em,
Almoſt outſtrip a Bullet in his March,
With Fate and Vengeance wing'd and red Deſtruction.
VVhy muſt I bear ſo many thouſand Deaths,
Before the laſt kind true one gives me Eaſe,
And ſends this rage and ſhame a paſſage hence,
Quite cruſted round my heart — I'll ſtay no longer,
If there's a Purgatory ſure 'tis here,
Quick, quick, I'll thro' it all and reach my Heaven,
[*To the Officers.*
Go bid the Army March, if they'll obey you,
Miſtake not wilfully and run away,
I'll be for *Inniskilling* or my Tomb;
—Here call a *Drummer*, —— Speed him quickly thither,
Carry this Summons to the *Governour*,
Were not my Soveraigns Honour in't concern'd,
Shame wou'd not let me make a propoſition
To ſuch as thoſe, to yield to ſuch as ours.
This will, unleſs I much miſtake his temper,
Quickly bring him, and Victory or Death,
Either of which wou'd be ſo welcome now,
I ſcarce know which to chuſe.
[*As the Drummer is going out, Enter one from the Out-Guards.*

Souldier. My Lord, we ſaw the Enemy advancing
On yonder Hill, —— and move ſo faſt they muſt
Be very ſoon upon us.

Macarty. Labour ſaved ——
I ſee there's men of Honour and Civility.

We've yet as much advantage as we'd wiſh for,
There's not a better ſpot of Ground in *Europe*
To cool their Courage, —— On this little riſe
We'll place our Canon, and our laſt Reſerve.
(Speaks to an Officer.)
You *Colonel*, Take the Horſe, and keep the Cauſway,
Between the Bogs — And you the Foot diſpoſe
(Speaks to another.)
On either Wing, — Thus planted if they will
But hold their Swords before 'em, 'tis impoſſible
To loſe at leaſt : — And when their Troops are tired,
We may at pleaſure fall upon and break 'em,
And once bid fair for Fame. —— [*Exeunt Officers.*]
Tho' yet I hope not ——
Not hope it, — Yes, the man who bravely dies,
In the diſcharge of whatſoever Poſt
He's fix'd at, Fames his everlaſting portion
What e're he loſe, then lets be all --- *Macarty.*
— My Soul my thinks expands its ſelf, and greatens
With proſpect of near Immortality.
Look down you Holy Forms ! who reign above
Where no Contentions dwell, but thoſe of Love.
You Saints, you Heroes all, of whom we're told
You flouriſh'd here, — And might perhaps of old !
If 'ere *Macarty* did an act was baſe,
Dart all your Thunders in his perjur'd Face ;
But if he Vertue and fair Fame purſu'd,
And Ill n'ere choſe, unleſs ith' ſhape of Good :
If ne're, unleſs deceiv'd, his Sword was known
To own a Cauſe which you wou'd bluſh to own ;
Then either aid him with ſucceſs to day,
Or take at once his Shame and Life away.
His Soul, a Stranger there, a place provide
Among thoſe ſhining few who bravely dy'd ;
Open the Gates, and your kind arms prepare,
They come, they come, you ſoon will find him there.
[*Exit to the Battle.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Both Armies, the Iriſh *as before, the* Engliſh *advancing up to the Cauſway ---- the Canons play, Trumpets, Drums, Fifes ſounding.*

Governour. THere's the Enemy! ——

Collonel. Enough ---- there needs no Word ---

[*The* Engliſh *fall on deſperately at the Cauſway ---- the* Iriſh *receive 'em, and a warm diſpute follows.*

Macarty *from the Hill.*

They ſtand! they ſtand! --- Nor yet --- nay then I'll hope ---
And if they run not, now e'ne beg their Pardon,
And give my ſelf the Lye --- There is no way for Foot,
Thoſe Boggs are inacceſſible ---- Let's bring
The Canon once to bear, the Day's our own.

Governour *to his Soldiers.*

How Gentlemen ---- not Conquer? Theſe are *Iriſh*,
All errand *Iriſh* ---- whom as oft yo've baffled
As ſeen —— I know you'll beat, but what's the Reaſon
You ſtay ſo long? ——— Charge home with the Pikes,
Now ——— Now or Never ———

[*The Foot receive all the Enemy's Fire, and paſs the Boggs to meet 'em, who on the* Inniskilling *Mens firſt Fire retreat in Diſorder.*

Governour. St. *George!* we've paſt the Boggs ---- they run,
And theſe too bend ——— (they run,

Macarty. A whole half-hour ——— 'tis fair,
And more than I in Conſcience cou'd expect.

Collonel. I'll charge my ſelf — the Battel totters,
Theſe may reſtor't ——— [*To a Collonel and Officers about him.*

Coll. We wait you with our Lives ---- if not too late,
For the Horſe break — and ſee my Lord — the Devils
Come rolling on in Smoak, and Fire, and Blood,
We yet may fly ——

Macarty. When dead if I get off
That's ſoon enough ---- come follow you that Love
Your King or me ----

[*They endeavour to rally the broken Army, the* Engliſh *come on, take the Cannon, and turn it on the* Iriſh; *ſome throw themſelves into the Bogg, and are knockt on the Head there; others ask Quarter, and throw down their Arms*, &c.

Macarty. Rally behind me — once --- ſtand once --- but 'till
I've met the Torrent —— and then run to Perdition ——

Coll. 'Tis vain — they are as deaf as fighting Winds,
A Drove of Sheep as ſoon will ſtop their running,
When one leaps firſt — The Torrent bears us down,
And hurrys us too with 'em to the Wood.
All's loſt — yet will your Lordſhip ſave your ſelf?

Macarty. For what — or where — this Army was my Life,
My Spirits — my Blood — 'tis loſt, and I'm dead with it,
Let's turn and fall like what we've lived.

Coll. We cannot, ——
Unleſs we over them or under paſs;
And ſee — already to the Wood we're born,
Driven with the edge of the Multitude
Out of the Tide of Death ——

Macarty. Then let's return to't,
Now 'tis worth ſtemming ---- I have lived too long
By half an hour.

Officers. We'll follow and dye with you.

[*They make up to a Party of the* Inniskilling-*men, at whom* Macarty *diſcharges his Piſtol, at which they all fire at him, and ſhoot him down; a Souldier comes up, and Clubs his Muſquet to knock out his Brains.*

Macarty. They have done kindly, but thou'lt yet do better,
Quick --- kill me Villain ---- or I'll riſe and kill thee.

Iriſh Officers. Macarty!

Engliſh Capt. Spare his Life! and 'tis a noble Priſ'ner!
Give him fair uſage, thô you keep him ſafe.

Macarty. O cruel Wretches - -- now I'll call you baſe
Cowards ---- to take a ſhott and not return it.
Looſe my Arm ---- yet ---- you ſhall have t'other --- No
I need you not —— [*Drops into a ſwound with his Wounds, they carry him off, and the Scene cloſes.*

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE III.

LONDON-DERRY.

Enter Governour, *three* Collonels, Captains, *&c.*

Governour. 'TWas a bold Act, but juſt and neceſſary,
Which made us Maſters of our Lives and *Derry*.
'Tis now too late to ſhrink, and who wou'd do't,
Thô twere not ſo? We yet are ſtrong enough,
Althô almoſt on every ſide betray'd,
Bandon, *Dungannon*, quitted all and loſt,
Our Paſſes forc'd meerly for want of fighting,
Relief refuſed, when half within our Walls.
The *Engliſh* Troops, Proviſion, Ammunition,
And all our moſt experienced Officers,
All gone, and little left but Walls and Hearts,
Yet hold they faſt, and favour us kind Heaven,
We need not yet deſpair —— A happy riddance
Of ſome we've made, whoſe Preſence if ſtill with us
Had done more harm than good: We have Proviſions,
And while the Countrey's clear may yet bring more;
A Garriſon, ſtrong, numerous, and vigorous;
We've newly ſent agen for aid to *England*,
If we ſucceed, Hiſtory will record
Our Actions louder than *Oſtend* or *Troy*;
And if we fall, never a braver Cauſe,
Nor can it more be worth the while to dye.

1. *Collonel.* The Enemy apace are drawing hither,
Headed by *Hamilton*, who falſify'd
His Word and Truſt with *England* — they are numerous,
But yet all *Iriſh*, ſave ſome Officers
Sent o're from *France*, both Nations we have conquer'd,

And

And may agen —— unleſs by Famine preſs'd,
More than the Enemy — which, to avoid,
Twere neceſſary every private Houſe
Were ſearcht immediately, and all things brought
To th' general Magazine, thence given out
By juſt proportion as our number is.
Governour. You Counſel well --- about it inſtantly;
But what's of more concern, if poſſible,
Than that it ſelf, —— Let's all promote a Union
In different Parties here --- if that once break,
We're loſt inevitably, and become
The ſcorn and triumph of our Enemies.
What was't deſtroy'd the fam'd *Jeruſalem*,
But Faction within, more deadly and more fatal
Than all the *Roman* Army at the Gates?
And batter'd down their Walls with more ſucceſs
Within, than did the Engines from abroad.
2. *Coll.* So well I hope our Intereſt is ſeen,
That thô their Heads being gone, moſt left behind
Seem little better than a Rabble now;
Yet even they can *Feel* as well as others,
Thô not much uſed to *think* —— Beſides we've Officers
Remaining ſtill behind, as brave as thoſe
Who quitted *Derry*, and as ſignaliz'd
In bold Defence o'th' *Engliſh* Int'reſt here;
Theſe have the Hearts of all the common ſort,
And both wou'd rather Dye, nay, Starve, than yield;
They'd make it Death to *think* as well as *ſpeak* on't,
Cou'd one as well as t'other be diſcover'd.
3. *Coll.* Already their Fidelity we've try'd,
And quickly ſhall their Valour, thô oppreſt
With numbers at the Fords, and wanting all
Was neceſſary for their own Defence:
But now they're ſatisfy'd their Leaders are
Firm as themſelves, ready to ſhare their danger.
In a few hours we eaſily ſhall gueſs
Their future Carriage, for the Enemy

Comes

Comes on a pace, already part encampt
Upon the neighb'ring Hills —— the whole conſiſts
Of twenty-thouſand men effectively;
The *beſt* of *bad*, cull'd out of all the reſt,
Canon they have, and Bombs and Engineers,
We muſt expect ſmart Entertainment with 'em.
Governour. Let's to the Walls, and ſee what Face they bear,
Tho' probaby we ſhortly may meet nearer. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

The Iriſh *CAMP, — and General's Tent.*

Hamilton, Mamow, Puſignan, Clancarty, Butler, Fitz-gerald, *and other Officers.*

Hamilton. WHat mean theſe ſturdy Rebels, that they yet
Delay ſurrendring? Can they think to ſtand
Our Royal Army? will thoſe ragged Walls
Which ſcarce will bear the ſhock of their own Canon,
How then of ours, ſecure 'em from our Arms?
Mamow. Begar me vill batter 'em down with 1, 2, 3, Potgun.
Vat the Diable do they mean? do they not know
My great Maiſtre ſend his Lieutenant-General *Mamow*
To pull down all de Walls, and burn, kill, kill,
De Man, Woman, and ſhucking Shild dat fight vid his
Brother King of *England?*
Fitz-gerald. They only kindly ſtay 'till we attack 'em,
That we may have the pleaſure
Of Military Execution on 'em;
For 'tis impoſſible they ſhou'd ſuſtain
The leaſt aſſault of ſuch a puiſſant Army.
Butler. Perhaps they queſtion if we're yet in earneſt;
Were but a Battery rais'd, and ſome few Bombs
Thrown in, 'twou'd make 'em tremble and ſubmit,
If not infatuated.
Hamilton. The Experiment is quickly try'd upon 'em:
Call th' Engineers, and let ſome ſhot be play'd

Againſt the Market-houſe —— perhaps 'twill ſtagger 'em,
To ſee the Stones rattle about their Ears.

Clancarty. A tedious way — and wer't not far more brave
To ſcale it inſtantly, and put to th' Sword
Whoe're reſiſt? I'd be the firſt ſhould lead 'em.

Hamilton. My Lord, none e're could doubt *Clancarty*'s Valour,
But the Kings Subjects muſt not be expoſed
To cauſeleſs hazards — time enough for that
If this ſucceed not —— as I'd hope it may;
— For ſee — already they ſet ope the Gates,
And hurry in diſorder hitherward;
Their wiſeſt way, to yield upon Diſcretion.

Butler. They rather ſeem to bear the face of Men
Deſperately bent to ruine —— ſee already
They charge our careleſs Out-Guards, and have beat 'em
Home to the Trenches.

Hamilton. They are Impudent ——
But ſhall be cooler — To your Charges ſtrait;
Draw out a Party of Horſe and face the Rebels;
Remember 'tis the firſt Attempt, on that
May very much of our Succeſs depend.

Fitz-girald. They've taken a long Sally from rheir Town,
Nor ſhall return in haſt —— [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter a Party of the Derry men. *Collonels, Captains,* &c.

Collonel. So — we begin to rouze 'em — who wou'd think
To ſee how briskly they at firſt advance;
They were reſolv'd to play an *Iriſh*-trick,
And run away; but that 'tis the Beaſts Nature,
Since one o'th two muſt run, he'll be ſo civil
To ſave the other ſide the Labour.

Enter Iriſh, Mamow, Fitz girald, *&c.*

Fitz-girald. Yield Rebels!

Collonel. Yes! — [*Shoots him dead, the Parties joyn, the* Engliſh *beat the* Iriſh *off, and fight behind the Scenes.*

SCENE III.

Derry.

Enter Governour; to him a Captain from the Field.

Captain, 'Twas a tough bout—, the *Iriſh* cheated us
And fought awhile like men.
Governour. We from the Walls
Cou'd not diſtinctly ſee what happened there.
Captain. From the brave Colonel I'm ſent on purpoſe,
Who charg'd i'th' head o'th' Horſe to give account
Of this days action—, who is now retired
Under the Walls where ſtill he'll face the Enemy.
Governour. Cure my impatience quick, and let me hear't.
Captain. He in two Squadrons firſt the Horſe divides
The Enemy did the ſame; they met us briskly,
And head to head we fought, and breaſt to breaſt;
No way appear'd but thro', or o're each other
Each cloſe t'his Friend, as cloſe t'his Enemy,
Two Iron Bodies hacking one another
As Smiths on Anvils beat— while ſmoke and Fire
And ſparks as thick as theirs flew from each Helmet,
Long thus we tugg'd till our impatient Colonel
Grown angry beyond ſuffrance when they grew
Unconſcionably tedious e're they ran,
With his broad Sword clove one o'th' foremoſt down
Almoſt to th' Girdle-ſted, then ſhould'ring in
Charg'd thro' the whole Brigade—, we follow'd him
And glean'd the Deaths behind him. Twice he met
And hand to hand grappled their bold Commander
The *French Maman*, who fought and curs'd as heartily
As poſſible—, as oft agen was ſundred
By droves of either Party ruſhing in
Betwixt their lifted Swords— the third wiſh'd time

They met, and Monſieur at the firſt Encounter
Fell dead, blaſphemingl on the duſty plain
And dying bit the ground—. His Brother came
Madder than he and ſwore a quick Revenge
Or elſe to follow him—, he had the laſt
From the ſame hand, who ſent him groveling after
On the ſame ſpot, ſo ſoon, their Souls and blood
Met as they parted, theſe upon the Sand,
And thoſe i'th' airy regions—. All the reſt
Were fairly following them—, till a new party
Came from the Camp, who with their very weight
Forc'd a Retreat—, they eagerly preſt on
And met their Fate behind, our Foot ſtood ready
Who all the Ditches fined, and gave 'em ſuch
Warm Entertainment very few return'd
To tell the News—. At leaſt two hundred left
Upon the ſpot, their Standard we have won
And ſtore of ſpoil, nor loſt above ſome Ten
In all the Action.

Governour. Like true *Brittains* done
—And ſee they here return loaden with ſpoils
And fairly purchaſe Lawrels—. —Welcom here

Enter from the Walls, the Colonel, Officers, Souldiers, &c.

Thrice welcom to my Breaſt! dread Sons of War [*Embraces*
My Heart beats quick, and ſomething feels abroad *the Colonel,*
Kin to its own—, 'twou'd fain get out and meet it &c]
O how I envy you ſo great an Action
(Or were you any elſe ſhou'd envy you)
You've let 'em know what they muſt look for from *Derry.*
What Edge your Courages and Swords do bear.

Colonel. We've bid 'm welcom— ſomewhat heartily
And as they like it, let 'em come agen
Tho' they'l perhaps be wiſer—.

Governour.

Governour. No they will not
We certainly ſhall have 'em quickly with us
Raſhneſs and Cowardice make up their Nature,
Prompt to attempt, mad, eager on deſtruction
Like other Beaſts they'l run on Sword and Fire.
The Bores will ſtake themſelves, hold but the Spear
Direct againſt 'em—, but when once they feel
The warm blood trickle down and ſtain the Earth
Unlike a generous Beaſt, like Curs they whine
Clap up their Tails and run, nor will they ſtop
Till death reach them, or they ſome place of ſafety.
—Howe're we are prepar'd—, freſh men to th' Walls
I'le ſpeed away, and others to the works:
While all your honourable wounds are dreſs't,
And you from your long Toyl and Labours reſt.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV. The Iriſh Camp.

Enter Hamilton, Butler, Clancarty, Talbot, Nettervile, *&c.*

Hamilton. Well—, 'tis the chance of War— always unequal,
Sometimes they muſt ſuffer—, but Revenge
Sweet dear Revenge will ſoon ſet all things right
And almoſt make 'em live agen— we muſt
Repay their viſit, home and ſpeedily.

Col. *Talbot.* If there be God or Devil, let both ſtand Neuter
Or ſide with Rebels now as ofr before
'Tis the ſame thing—, I neither fear their Anger
Nor hope their Aid—, this ſword and Arm's my God
I have and do *Decree* to Conquer them.

Hamilton. Still wicked Will! But yet he's reſolute
And firm to th' Cauſe—, ſmall faults are ſoon paſs't over.
But we've no room for talk—, ſwift action calls
The *Engliſh* will be here with ſtrong Relief
Unleſs we're ſpeedy—, Let's with Expedition
The Life of every noble Enterprize.

Begin th' attaque upon their Lines, Works, Town.
Laſt time they met you unprovided, now
Prepar'd you come they ne're can think to ſtand.
Butler, What men can do, reſolved to beat or dye
What Loyal Subjects againſt hated Rebels,
And Catholicks againſt a faithleſs Crew
Of curſed Heretical Dogs, we promiſe, ſwear,
And Vow, ne're to return unleſs with Conqueſt.
Hamilton, Succeſs attend you, equal to your valour.
Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE. V. Derry. The Walls.

Governour, Several Captains, Officers, &c.

Govern. I find I took em right, the Camps in motion
And ſome great thing in hand, ſee, there they come
And ſwarm along as if they'd cover us,
Three parties Horſe, two other Foot appear.
Captain; I need not order you to your charges
Who are already eager to be there. (tion.
1 *Capt.* The Feaſts ſo good there needs ſmall invita-
Wer'e gone — *Exeunt Omnes.*

Manent Governour and a Colonel.

Govern. Hark — from the Iriſh Camp a diſmal yell
Loud as the Midnight Wolves when met in Troops
To aſſault the Folds, their parties are come up,
The Horſe have top'd our Line, with loud Huzza's
And Fagots all before 'em.
Col. Truſt their welcome.
See, are our men behind hand in returns
They ſcorn to keep the Forts, but meet them fairly
Tho' theirs the diſadvantage, on the Strand.
See how they mow 'em! Sure they are grown hoarſe.
We here no more Huzzah's. Pykes, Muſquets, Scythes
Have ſpoiled their Muſick. — Into th' *Lough* they run,
And by one Death another vainly ſhun.

Go-

Governour. Who ſhould that be that fights when all the reſt
Are broke and ſhatter'd—, I cou'd wiſh his Life
He is ſo brave

Colonel. Unleſs my Eyes miſtake
As eaſily they may at ſuch a diſtance
'Tis young *Montgarret*—, ſee— his Horſe is kill'd
And he takes Quarter—, all his Party routed.

Gov. 'Tis well—, where are the reſt—? ha— at what diſtance,
How reverendly the Cowards gaze upon
Their Fellows Fate—, the other two bold Squadrons
Who with thick bellowings lately tore the Air
Stand ſtill as Statues.

Colonel. But their Foot come on
And warmly too—, thoſe Granadeers fight well
Ours bend a little—

Gov. Haſte your Regiment
To their Relief.

Colonel. The work is done without it
They've beat 'em off—, and fire ſtill on their Rear.
—Ha! are they immortal— that none drop,
With all our Shot?

Gov. O! Pleaſant Cowards—, ſee how witty Fear is!
As they go off they bear the dead behind 'em
Who do more ſervice now than while alive
And guard the reſt from all our ſhot ſecure.
—But ours return, and almoſt every man
His Priſoner brings.

Enter the Derry *Men, with* Talbot, Nettervile, Butler, *&c. Priſoners.*

Governour. To the Priſoners.
Gentlemen— 'tis the Fate of War—, we uſe not
What e're your Countrymen return us for it,
To violate our Word and Quarter given.
—*To the Captains,*
See they are lodg'd as handſomly as our
Convenience and Security permits 'em. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE.

SCENE. VI.

The Irish Camp.

Enter An Irish *Funeral, of one of their Commanders kill'd in the last Action. Tapers, Crosses, Dirges. Two fat Friars singing—, and praying for his Soul.*

Song by the Priests.

1.

REst thy Soul in Bliss dear Friend!
Now beginning, n'ere to end:
At Purgatory be not scar'd
Its Flame shall never singe thy Beard.
Mount torights to Heav'n, nor stay
To call at the Half-way-house by th'way.

2.

On thy Soul, while here below,
If some little spots did grow:
Murder, Perjury, or Rape
Or some such other small Escape:
By thy meritorious Fall
Thou hast o're atton'd 'em all.

3.

Innocent as Child unborn
On the golden wings of morn
Mount to bliss, and pray for those
Strugling with their faithless Foes:
Aid thy Friends who thee adore
As thou other Saints before.

[*They put him into the Grave, and the* Irish *kneel down by him, tear their Hair, throw up the Dirt, and lament his death with unsufferable Howlings, as their manner is, singing this Song over his Grave.*]

Irish

Irish SONG.

AH Brother Teague! Why didſt thou go?
Whillilla lilla lilla lilla lilla lilla loo!
And leave thy Friends in grief and wo,
Aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo!

Hadſt thou not ſtore of Houſhold-ſtuff
Whillilla &c.
Potates and Uſquebagh enough
Aboo &c.

Three Sheep, one Garroon, and a Cow
Whillilla &c.
A Garden, Cabin and a Plough
Aboo &c.

Hadſt thou not Bonny-clabbar ſtore
Whillilla &c.
If not enough wee'd giv'n thee more.
Aboo &c.

Why wouldſt thou Teague! Ah tell me why
Whillilla &c.
Thus play the Fool and maake a dy
Aboo &c.

Why didſt thou touch the fatal ſhore
Whillilla &c.
Where we ſhall never ſee thee more
Aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo!

[*While they are in the midſt of their Harmony comes a Shot from the Town, and kills the two Fryars and ſeveral others—, all the reſt ſtart up and run away.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII. Derry.

The Walls—, Captains, Souldiers, &c.

1 *Sol.* We've ſpoil'd their howling-, why 'twas more unſufferable
Then all their Canon—, there was a yell
Fearful enough to've frighted him almoſt
From his long ſleep agen.
2 *Sol.* But Oh! thoſe holy Cheats—, thoſe goodly Friars
How they both caper'd when the Chain-ſhot came
And Circumciz'd 'em juſt i'th' middle!
By this time if their Souls are not ſo groſs
Purſy and unwieldy as their Carcaſſes,
They may have reach'd their Friend who went before 'em.
1. *Capt.* Never inſult over an Enemy
Conquer'd or ſlain—, if either, that's enough
The reſt is baſe—. 'Tis true o're you they wou'd
But even there o'recome 'em as in Battle.
—Come Captain—, Let's to our Charge— the *Iriſh* Priſoners
See how they brook confinement here.
2. *Capt.* Agreed—
[*They open a Door, and the Priſoners come forth*—, Talbot, Macdonald, *&c. diſcontented and gloomy.*]

1. *Capt.* to *Talbot.* You're Melancholy Colonel—, we are come
To give you ſome diverſion— not inſult you
What's now your Fate, to morrow may be ours.
Talbot. Such Rebels merit not ſo good—.
2. *Capt.* We Scorn
The name and thing—, nor wou'd, nor ever did
Yet take it in the Field—.
Macdonald. Can you deny it?
To reaſon calmly—, took you not up Arms
Againſt your Kings Lieutenant here at firſt,
And ſince even he himſelf in Perſon's come
Continue in your ſtubborn diſobedience?

1. *Capt.*

1. *Capt.* For our first taking Arms, 'twas on advice
Of Massacres intended—, and as some
Of you acknowledge, actually proposed
To th' Deputy—. Those barbarous attempts
All Nations own 'tis lawful to repel
With utmost Force, since that's the only Law
Can either authorize or from 'em shield.
The last is not forgot—. For our remaining
In such a posture, 'tis for *Englands* King
And *Irelands* too we fight—. This ever was
Since Conquer'd, a Dependant held inseparable
From th' *English* Crown, when quitted, thrown away
And slighted by that Bigot Prince who wore it
Placed on two Royal Heads, the next in blood
And brightest pair in *Europe*—, those we own
Our rightful King and Queen, and you no better
Than that foul name with which you've branded us.

Talbot. The Massacre you talk of with such dread
Was no more real than that common place
Of cruelty—, the bloody Forty one—
When, after infinite insufferable
And odious provocations the poor Natives
Took for themselves and their Religion both
Just necessary Arms, Commission'd by
The King himself—. The Murthers buzz'd so loud
Were Executions which in War will ever
Be more or less—, and those you first begun
How many Thousands in the Isle *Magee*;
Before a stroke was struck by ours— and then
We offer'd Murtherers on either side
Shou'd have fair Trial—, this you ne're accepted
Because you dared not.

2. *Capt.* Only there you're right.
We dared not be indeed such hardy Fools
To trust our Lives with *Irish* Consciences
Judges and Jury all your Countrymen

Who do notorious Juſtice when they meet us,
And before ſuch you did propoſe a Tryal
Of which there was no need, for all the *Iriſh*
Had been acquitted, all the *Engliſh* guilty.
That of *Magee* was a full year at leaſt
After your horrid Maſſacre begun,
And only warm revenge for many Murthers.
Which you began er'e any provocation
The hour, the day prefixt all o're the Kingdom
Own'd by your own, and not by you denyed;
Who only ſay you were provoked to what
You did— but how—, had you not your Eſtates,
Liberties, Lives, although a conquer'd Nation;
Were not your Lawyers, nay ſome Judges *Iriſh*,
Was it Religion then? But was not that
Which you call ſo, allowed more bare then ever,
Convents and Nunneries every where connived at,
No man moleſted, Maſs in publick ſaid
All o're the Kingdom, ſpite of all the Laws
Point-blank againſt it— as for your Commiſſions
Your great *Oneal* himſelf, and Lord *Mac-guire*
Own'd at their death 'twas all a Forgery.
Butler, Well Gentlemen, which ever part went wrong
Or this or that can never now recall it.
But one things certain, and you've treated us
So generouſly we cannot but in kindneſs
Adviſe you on't— You ſee no ſuccours yet
From *England* come, or if they are in vain
Kilmore is ours, and we a Boom have faſtned
Acroſs the *Lough* that 'tis impoſſible
By that way to releive you; —your Proviſions
I ſee come ſhort, you may have yet fair Terms;
If you ſtand out there's not a man eſcapes,
Yield then and let not ſuch brave men be ruin'd.
1 *Capt.* Captain we thank you for your kind advice
But ſhould the Souldiers hear you'd not be ſafe

From

From worrying, nor shou'd we propose it.
We're one and all— There's not a private Centinel
But willingly wou'd eat the Flesh from one arm
And fight with t'other, ere they wou'd surrender,
—Besides for yet a while we're richly stored
Tallow and Starch, —why 'tis luxurious diet.
And when that fails, and all besides, the Garrison
Sir, we have heard e'm swear't, and do believe it
Will first eat you, and then themselves, e're yield.
Tho' every hour we expect releif
And know the English are ith' *Lough* already.
And will be here—

(A shout without)
But we must to our Charges.

For business calls, we wish you well to bear
What can't be mended.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE VIII. Derry-Walls

Enter Governour, Colonels, Captains.

Govern. Too well appears the reason of that shout
I'th' Irish Camp— See in the *Lough* below
The English Ships attempting our relief,
The first is stranded, while the barbarous Enemy,
Runs down in Sholes to Fire, or kill, or take 'em,
While with insulting Flowts they call t'our Guards,
And bid us send our Carpenters to help 'em.

1 *Col.* Some of their mirth is spoiled with that broad-
Full in the midst o'th' Rabble— nay the shock (side,
Unless— I see as many, what they wish.
Has floated her again.

2 *Col.* 'T has done it really
Not only in your fancy, now Salvation!
The Boom is broke, with Wind and Tide they come,
And scatter storms of Fire and Death about 'em

Till *Kilmore* rattles, and the bloody ſtrand
Lies ſpread with Carcaſſes, and Legs and Arms,
Bodies and Heads and Men alive and dead,
Fly every where ſo faſt as if they ſtrove
Which ſhou'd outrun the other. (with 'em.

Gov. They have reached the Key, relief & life comes

Enter Engliſh Captains.

Govern. Brave Countreymen there's little need to tell
You're welcome here, for all that's left of *Derry* (you,
Confeſſes it, thoſe living Carcaſſes
You ſee remaining fain wou'd ſmile, had they
But fleſh enough to do it, not great *Orange*,
Our now great King was with more joy received,
In gaſping *England* when he came to ſave it
From the ſame Enemy, then you are here.

Engl. C. Nor with leſs Joy we bring you this relief
Then wee'd our ſelves receive it, but what news
From th' Enemies Camp, muſt we go viſit them,
Or won't they be ſo civil to attend us.

Govern. They do what they were born to run away.
Fire all their very Tents and Huts, and worſe,
The Countrey too leaſt we ſhould make advantage.
Whole waggon-loads of Arms thrown into th' River.
Burſting their largeſt Guns, as too unweieldy
For thir light March, O had we but ſome Horſe
To give 'em one kind Farewell, 'tis ſo ſtrange
For thoſe who have been Neighbours now ſo long
To part abruptly.

Engl. Capt. We again ſhall find 'em,
For *Schombergh* ſpeedily is here deſigned
With twenty thouſand men to march for *Dublin*.
And end the War.

Governour, Impatiently we wait,
Till that wiſh day when we agen may meet;
Thoſe who ſo often grovelled at our Feet. *Ex. Omn.*

ACT.

ACT. IV.

SCENE. First. Dublin.

Tyrconnel, Rice, Nugent, &c. Neagle.

Tyrc. Derry reliev'd, and *Inniskilling* loſt,
Sure deſtiny miſtakes, or we do ſo.
Macarty Priſoner, *Hamilton* baffled, *Engliſh* landed
And more ſtill coming! What will next be done.
Were all my Goods aboard, as once before
And I there too, I ſcarcely ſhou'd look back
To be Lieutenant, Or indeed a ſomething
Which bears ſome leſſer name, (the King's ſcarce more
(*Aſide.*

Nug. The glorious Cauſe we now are all embarkt in
Is firm enough to ſtand in ſpite of all
Th' attempts againſt it of weak Hereticks,
What are two Towns? they yet have won no more
Nay only kept 'em, and for the diſgrace
Incurred by miſſing them, there are excuſes
Sound plauſibly enough, which wee'l tranſmit
To our Friends in *England*, as our ſelves wee'l uſe 'em.
—Alas, 'twas place, a little mean
And worthleſs Town, we only lay before it
For Recreation, might have taken it
When e're we pleaſed, at an hours warning had we
But ſtrained our Forces there, 'tis true wee'd ſome,
Some few perhaps of note who dy'd in th' Army,
But there are many ways of death beſides

The Sword and Cannon, several brought Diseases
That left 'em there, tho' lives and all went with 'em.
The usual chance of War, not to be avoided.
—For what's to come we've still a numerous Army,
A noble body of Horse as are in *Europe*,
Ten Thousand with the least— with these wee'l tug.
At least this Summer ore, the fickle English
By then perhaps will tired and weary grow
Of their new King, or *France* will be at leisure
To give their Arms a powerful diversion
And us assistance here. His Privateers
Will scowr our Seas, and pick each Vessel up
That peeps abroad, this will breed Discontents
In those enough inclin'd to't without Cause,
Besides we still have a strong party there
Desperate and Resolute—, they may produce
Something themselves thats not contemptible,
But come the worst, 'tis but to Fire the Countrey,
Kill all the Heretics, and run away
By th' Light their Houses make.
Neagle, But still for Money
The Life oth' cause—, That must be got or all
Yet done or counselled will be lost and nothing.
Rice, We shall have shortly large supplies from *France*
Some we already have.
Neagle, All far too little
But our Invention must supply what's wanting,
Money there is ith' Kingdom, and good store
This i'le contrive, and speciously, to bring
Each Cob into th' *Exchequer*.
Tyrconnel, That would half
Restore my hopes, but 'tis impossible.
Neagle, First hear it. I propose new pieces should
Be Coyned, of Copper, or some pretty mettal
That may look well, their value as we please
Let all be obliged to take this Royal money,

From

From Souldiers or the King; but when they pay
Cuſtom or Subſidy, or ought beſide
Be that in the old Coyn——
Rice, The only fear
Is leaſt they murmur at the impoſition.
Tyrcon. How, murmur at their Prince, d'ye think they'r Rebels
If he demands their their Throats, are they not his,
Their heads, all at his ſervice, and ſhou'd tumble
Themſelves oth' floor for him to tread and ſpurn 'em,
Neagle, Not yet ſo high to run the ſuppoſition
The Natives never were much uſed to Money
To them 'tis all the ſame—— alas they're ſcarce
So ſubtle to diſtinguiſh one and t'other
And they're ith' right on't, every thing is worth
Its ſettled value, if this buys a Cow
And Silver did no more, 'tis the ſame thing.
Tyrconnel. To ſay but truth, the leſs we are engaged
To inſulting *France* the better, they begin
To ſcorn, affront, abuſe the Native *Iriſh*
Which we ſure cannot bear.
Neagle, Nor need we long——
When once they'v done their buſineſs that they came for
We eaſily can turn 'em home agen.
Mean while all may be fair, diſſemble what
We can't digeſt, nor can we er'e be greater
The King, good man, is old, and minds his Beads,
His Prieſts and Hounds ſhare all his time between 'em.
Sometimes wee'l bring him out, and let him walk
A turn or two, as the *Chineſe* their Emperors,
To let the people know he's ſtill alive.
And make all preparation neceſſary
To oppoſe the Engliſh, if they ſhou'd deſcend
On any part o'th' Iſland.

Enter Meſſenger with a Rope about his neck.

Meſſ. Poſt from the North I bear the dreadful news
The Sea's all covered with the Engliſh Fleet,
A thouſand Sail I think, for there's no end,
And bore directly in for *Bangor Bay.*

Tyrc. —'Tis well enough, I doubted they wou'd bid
For *Dublin*, we have time and ground and men,
Suffisient for 'em, come they when they will.

Enter another Meſſenger as the former.

Meſſenger, The Enemies landed all in *Bangor Bay.*
Belfaſt already's yielded, *Carrick-fergus*
Inveſted round, and gone by this, the Countrey
Roll in amain, the Engliſh drive along
And none or can or dare reſiſt the Torrent.

Nugent,-Time enough yet, they will be out of breath
And 'twill be our turns then to march and meet 'em.
Already we are rendevouzed betwixt
Dundalk and famed *Tredagh*, when they come thither
(But firſt they have the *Newry* to get through,
A Paſs that none can force but bulls or Devils)
We may ſpeak with 'em.

Tyrcon. When we know their numbers,
For Fame ſtill greatens as it farther goes.
Till then lets take what meaſures now are needful,
We've all the Arms already of the Hereticks.
If there are any perſons yet whoſe power
May injure us, let them too be ſecured,
And to amuſe the people, ſet the Prieſts
To Prayer for good ſucceſs.

Rice, If this blow over,
Or we but keep 'em there at a due diſtance
Wee'l have a Parliament to attaint the Eſtates
Of all that joyn the Engliſh, or abſent,
And tare in pieces thoſe faint Nun-ſpun Acts,

And
Made

Made to the prejudice oth' Loyal Iriſh,
Unſettle and unhinge their Settlements,
Law or the Sword wou'd do it, beſt by both;
Dominion to our Country we'l reſtore,
And to proud Conquerers be Slaves no more.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scene II.

The Newry. Schombergs *Army.* *The* Inniskilling *Men, &c.*

General. Thus far we've only marcht, not fought our way.
Here will be occaſion for your Valour, if
They've but a ſpark of Courage, and tough work
Muſt needs enſue. The Paſs is ſtrong, but muſt
Be won, or we ſtay here.

Captain. No, rather in our Graves; we only wait
Orders to charge, as they our doing that,
Unleſs they're ſtrangely changed, to run away.

General. Go take a Party then and try th' event.

[*The* Iriſh *appear poſted advantagiouſly. The* Engliſh *throw themſelves upon 'em, who after two or three Fires, fling their Arms into the River, and ſhift for themſelves.*

General. Both ſides I ſee are very expeditious.

Captain. Next for *Dundalk.*

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. Dublin.

Tyrconnel, Nugent, Neagle, Iriſh Lords. To 'em a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Newry's loſt; and on the Plain before
Dundalk I ſaw the *Engliſh* Troops advance
Er'e I came thence. By this they muſt be there.
Tyrcon. Sure they fly.
Nug. I doubt tis ours do ſo. But are our Army
Ready to meet 'em there?
Tyrcon. They'r all prepared.
We know their formidable Numbers too;
Some twenty thouſand only at the moſt:
We thrice out-number 'em; and when they know
Our force, will ſure retire faſter than they
March'd forward— but my Lords, I'll to the Army,
The King will do no hurt, what's yet left of him:
If hee's there too, perhaps ſome of the Rebels
Will yield at his approach. Beſides already
We've many Friends in *Schomberg*'s Camp, from whence
We nere ſhall want intelligence at leaſt,
Perhaps do ſomething more.
Neag. Succeſs attend your Excellency thither.

Scene IV. Dundalk.

Engliſh Army, General, Council of War, Officers, &c.

General. I know the Engliſh Genius and their Fire,
My Country-men have ofte felt 'em both.

And

And now, tis granted they'll but fight their Slaves.
--- But then the disproportion is so huge,
Our Horse so few and weak, their's strong and numerous,
Their Foot four times at least more than the *English*,
'Twou'd be too great hazard to attempt;
Too great a price, ev'n Victory to gain
By breaking all our Army, ere more Force
Arrive to joyn us, or advantage offers.
We've here firm footing, whence they nere can beat us;
If they attempt, they fight at disadvantage;
And only come to meet prepared Destruction.

Officer. We must submit, tho 'tis a thing looks strange
To Englishmen thus coopt, to wait the Enemy,
Who always used to seek 'em, and dy here
By sickness, closeness, and thick foggy Air,
Who bravely might for a good purchase sell
Our Lives, and get eternal Fame by losing 'em.

General. Which ever way they'r lost; if in defence
Tis of your Country, and obedience to
So good a King, you never cou'd fall braver.
--- But to that reason I before advance
Against Engagement, there's perhaps a greater,
A secret kept till now --- I have Intelligence
There's a design form'd to betray the Camp
To th' Enemy --- We shall hear more on't speedily;
The Guards are doubled, and I wait each minute
Some false Deserters making to the Enemy,
Who are so strictly watcht they can't escape.
And here they come----

Enter Souldiers, with a Deserter, his Hands tied, &c.

Deserter. Mercy, my Lord, and I'll discover all.

Officer. We've seiz'd his Papers which have don't already,
A draught of all the Camp, and each weak place
Described that's in it---- A List of several Officers

And

And Souldiers, who deſign to joyn the Enemy,
When we engage; or when they'r on the Guard:
Deliver up the Gates.

General. Now Gentlemen,
You ſee my Reaſon--- Go and hang him inſtantly,
As ſoon as his Confederates are ſeiz'd:
Proclaim immediate Death to every Papiſt,
Who owns not his Religion publickly.
Guard well the Avenues. To night my ſelf
I'll walk the Rounds to ſee you do your Duties,
And ſhall ſeverely puniſh negligence.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scene V. Iriſh Camp.

Enter Tyrconel, Hamilton, Clancarty, *Monſieur de* Rozen, *&c.*

Tyrcon. Tho' our deſigns are on their Camp diſcovered,
And that ſly Fox their General, poſts himſelf,
Where none can touch him--- 'tis full out as well;
Diſtempers will their buſineſs do, and ſave
Our Swords the Labour---- They already drop,
Proviſion comes but ſlowly, our thick Fogs
Pleaſe not their queaſy Stomachs; they'll begin
To wiſh for home. What if our own fall with 'em,
As hundreds do each week? --- 'Tis a fair change
And we can ſpare 'em. What's a Subjects Life,
A hundreds, thouſands, or a millions to
A great mans Intereſt?--- The next News we hear,
They leave *Dundalk*, and then --- beware their Rear.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scene

Scene VI. Dundalk, as before.

Moſt of the Souldiers ſick, many dead, the reſt pining.

Enter a Collonel and two Captains.

1. *Capt.* Ah Collonel! --- Was't for this we hither came,
To lay our bones in this accurſed Country
Without a blow--- The Land of Want and Famine,
Sickneſs and Miſery, and Grief and Death.--- (Grievances
2. *Capt.* Death Captain! and d'ye reckon that among the
And cou'd you have the Conſcience to ask more?
Had we but that, and honeſtly and fairly
Had theſe two Arms bin torn with Chain-ſhot from me,
Not pined away with dull dull lingring torments
Twou'd nere have made me ſigh.
Collon. I own t'is hard.
Nor have you only ſuffered, --- None can blame
Our prudent General, who moved at laſt,
With the Condition of this Skeleton,
Of what was once an Army, has gi'en Orders.
To quit this fatal place, and march agen
Beyond the *Newry*, there to quarter till
Recruits and better Seaſons call for Action. (Lords;
Capt. Nay, then there's hope we yet may pay our Land-
And thank them for their courteous Entertainment.
Dundalk adieu: Had but the Traytors doom
Bin changed, we died, they guarded in our Room,
They'd had the worſe, we the far better choice,
And ſhou'd at ſuch a wiſh'd exchange rejoice.
Volleys of Curſes be thy laſt Farewell,
Thou Map of *Ireland*, and thou Map of Hell.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

I ACT.

ACT. V.

Scene I.

Iriſh Army at Dundalk.

Tyrconnel, Lazune, Hamilton, Clancarty, &c.

Tyrcon. ONce more wer'e here agen --- tis a kind Omen,
May all the reſt return as does *Dundalk*.
Quick --- after with the Horſe, cut off their Rear,
And drive the Rebels back into the Sea.
--- Nor ſhall that ſave 'em, thither and beyond
We'll follow---

Hamil. Firſt diſcover in what order
They march, and where they ſtand --- tis probable
They'll keep the *Newry*-Paſs and in that Country
Endeavour to ſecure their Winter Quarters.

Clanc. Then we muſt force it inſtantly, nor ſuffer
Their harbring there--- They'r on the run already,
And ſoon will quit it when our Troops approach,
Who ſo much Valour have already ſhown

Tyrc. Let it be done, and *Ireland*'s all our own.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scene II. *The Newry.*

A Party of Iriſh --- Officers, Souldiers, &c.

Offic. March quick and cloſe--- They take not yet th' Alarm.
The Town's already ours--- The Priſoner whom
We lately took, informs there's ſcrarce a hundred
Yet left alive, and thoſe half ſick and languiſhing;
The reſt or careleſs are or deſperate,
Nor dream of that warm viſit we ſhall make 'em.

[*The Centry diſcovers 'em, and fires three times, retiring.*

Officer.

Officer. Discovered--- But too late for their prevention;
In-- and we're Conquerers---

[*They enter the Town-- Several Officers come out in their shirts, and are knockt oth' head. A Drummer beats an Alarm, and a few of the English gather in the Streets.*

Eng. Offic. Ha-- are you come so far to hinder us
From dying now in quiet-- Fellow Souldiers,
You see 'em-- Rally here behind this Cart,
And give one Charge--- if they march not back
At their accustomed pace-- I'll e'ne run for 'em.

[*The English charge-- The Irish run*]

Enter several English Souldiers crawling upon their Hands and Feet with their Musquets in their Hands.

Officer. Poor Wretches—What d'ye mean— You'r fitter for
Your Beds or th' Hospital, than War and Action.

1 *Sould.* Noble Captain —— Let me have but shot at 'em,
And then I'll dy contented. ('em,

2. *Sould.* Now we're their Matches, 'twere not fair to fight
If strong and well as they.

[*They both get up to a Bank, fire their Pieces at the* Irish, *and fall dead themselves.*

Offic. 'Twas done like Englishmen—— Their Courage did
Almost outlast their Breath—— but were too weak
To follow these —— who, lest agen they rally
And come more numerous—— Souldiers, post away
For speedy Succour.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scene III. *Belfast.*

General, Several Officers.

Gener. Heaven smiles agen-- The Sun has drest the Air
With fragrant blooms — nor is the Earth less fair,

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Supplies from *England* every day appear
And more— the King himſelf will ſoon be here.
Who wou'd not fight when ſuch a General leads
Who in the Steps of Ancient Heroes treads,
Deſpiſes Danger, and himſelf can meet,
What wou'd make meaner Souls diſſolve to ſee't?
Each hour we him expect, and when he comes;
Then for the Field and Fame, for Palms or Tombs.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Royal Fleet at the Bay of Bangor— *The* Mary *Yacht with the Standard— All the Shore enlightned with Bonfires.*

Belfaſt.

The General, Officers, Meſſenger.

Meſſeng. From *Carick-fergus* Garriſon I bring
News of the ſafe Arrival of the King.
Five hundred Sail attend him — ſuch a ſight
As glads the Shore more than each Feſtal Light
Kindled at his approach.
General. A joyful ſound!
Go fire the Train, and ſend the News around:
Let all our Quarters the bleſt Tidings hear,
And all the Bogs in *Ireland* quake for fear.
Their Fate is come— The Pageant King muſt run;
And once agen fly from the conſcious Sun.
And in ſome Monaſtery hide his Head
Midſt lonely Tombs, and the polluted Dead.
While that bright Hero who ſupplies his place,
Sways his ſtrong Scepter with ſo great a Grace:
In trembling *France* ſhall give new wonders Birth,
And rend the witherd *Lilies* from the Earth.

[*Exeunt.*

The end of the Firſt Part.

Read. Monday April 29th. 1793.
O The Royal voyage relates chiefly to King William's landing in Ireland, and a few principal Events that preceded it. This Play is a Libel on the Irish People